Smithsonian Institution.

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

In Washington's beautiful mall, half way between the Capitol and the Washington Monument, rise the red Norman towers of the Smithsonian Institution, a true democracy of learning. This red stone building was the birthplace of the telegraph and the telephone. From its walls went forth the science of meteorology which has done so much for the comfort and material welfare of the world. Within its precincts men have worked for years and years in the hope of solving a mystery that might be covered over with the point of a needle, and other men have worked for years and years to solve the problems of overcoming the obstacles of boundless space. All of them have worked for the world, for every man connected with the institution remembers always that its founder said it should be "an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

The gift which has done so much for science in the United States is recorded in a will, locked fast in the archives of the English Court of Chancery, beginning, "I James Smithson, son of Hugh, First Duke of Northumberland, and Elizabeth, heiress of the Hungerfords of Audley, and niece of Charles the Proud, Duke of Somerset, now residing in Bentinck Square, do this 23d day of October, 1826, make this my last will and testament." A bequest is made to a faithful servant, and then the testator leaves all his property to a nephew, and to that nephew's heirs. If there should be no heirs he decrees that the property go "to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

By this, not the United States, but the people of the United States, became the beneficiaries of a bequest of $515,169 in English gold which was brought over by a special agent, coined into American money at Philadelphia, and placed in the Treasury at Washington. On this money the government has pledged itself to pay 6 per cent interest forever. As the money lay idle for eight years before Congress decided what to do with it, interest accumulated, and since then many bequests, large and small, have augmented the original principal until it now amounts to $979,000. The income from this private fund is not over $60,000 a year, and as the government allows the bureaus under the institution's supervision $500,000 a year for research work, the funds seem adequate for the perfection of the work at present planned.

Great controversy was provoked among the mighty men of the nation before the acceptance of the bequest was decided upon. Calhoun and Preston argued stormily against the people accepting a gift of the kind, claiming that it was beneath the dignity of the nation to take such offerings from outsiders. John Quincy Adams led the more liberal minded faction, and it was decided to accept the gift. It was a long time, however, before there was a definite decision as to its use. Every kind of educational plan and institution was suggested, from normal schools and lecture bureaus, to schools for the blind.

Finally it was decided to develop such an idea as that proposed by Prof. Joseph Henry, of Princeton,—establish an institution for scientific research, publish the results of each investigation, and place a copy of the publication in every first-class library on the face of the earth. An act passed in 1846 provided for this use of the Smithson fund, and named the President of the United States, the Vice President, the secretaries of the departments, the Chief Justice, the Commissioner of Patents, and the mayor of the city of Washington, as the persons to constitute an establishment for the direction of such an institution. The institution was to be directed by a board of regents composed of three of these, with three Representatives, three Senators, and six "citizens" of the United States.

A building was then erected to suit the needs of so great a scientific establishment. The United States government gave a site on the Mall, and on this was erected of red stone an excellent exemplification of the Norman or Lombard style of architecture, a style which antedates the Gothic, and which harmonizes admirably with the surroundings. Here were placed, from time to time, results of expeditions, practical proofs of research and exploration, until the exhibits outgrew their quarters, and on the Mall, near the Smithsonian, the government later erected a building known as the National Museum, which now houses most of these exhibits.

A noble building of white marble is now being erected in the Mall, just opposite the Smithsonian, for the accommodation of the National Museum, which has long since outgrown its present quarters. In this new home the exhibits will be so arranged as to afford the visitor opportunity to see what he is looking for without trouble. From the coat that George Washington wore at Valley Forge, to the swords of officers who fought at El Caney, the national history is preserved and illustrated in hallowed material form. The first rude telegraph instrument, the experimental stages of the telephone—but there are more than six million things to see in the National Museum.

The great need for such an institution is best realized when it is recalled that in its earliest days the Smithsonian was, with one or two small exceptions, the sole representative of active scientific work in this country. Wise men have served as secretaries to the institution, a position of great influence and responsibility. Only four has the Smithsonian known in this capacity in the sixty-nine years of its existence, each being identified with some important scientific work. Dr. Joseph Henry, the first secretary, was noted for his experiments with the electro-magnet, and on his discoveries have been founded all modern systems of electric lighting and electric power. Spencer Fullerton Baird, who after twenty-eight years as assistant secretary, came to this office in 1878, was a distinguished naturalist. He was father of the United States Fish Commission, and imparted such an impetus of the fish industry that the Eastern coast became richer, by many thousands of dollars, in shad fisheries. Samuel P. Langley, whose term began in 1887, was a physicist and astronomer, deeply interested in aerodynamics, and the highest authority on physics of the atmosphere. He invented the bolometer, and made several successful models of flying machines. Through his enterprise the museum was enriched by a collection of time-pieces. The present secretary, Charles D. Wallcott, a paleontologist of international repute, came to the Smithsonian from the United States Geological Survey, where he made valuable additions to science.

Over 5,000,000 books and pamphlets have been mailed to every portion of America and to all the rest of the world. In the United States alone there are 8,000 correspondents of the institution, and in the rest of the world there are 28,000. Through these scientific knowledge is collected and exchanged. Foreigners, as well as Americans, have benefited by the funds set aside for scientific research. From the Hodgkins fund of $200,000 a prize of $10,000 was awarded twelve years ago to two Englishmen for the discovery of Argon, an element of the air which was before unknown.

Contributions to knowledge are as wide as are the interests of the nation. One of the first tasks was to facilitate the study of American history by publishing for all who were interested a description of the books relative to this subject that were printed before the year 1700, and could be found only in public and private libraries of Europe. It supports two students in scientific research in the zoological station at Naples. It recently sent Dr. Fewks to study the cliff dwellings in Cesa Grande Canyon, and before that an expedition was authorized to explore the country near Vera Cruz, Mexico, and find the relation of the early inhabitants of that region to the Mound Builders and the Zuni Indians. Nothing is too great, nothing too small to receive the tribute of consideration from the institution when science can be advanced or humanity benefited by it. Ancient mining, terrestrial magnetism, the vocal sounds of Laura Bridgman, the explosiveness of niter, the glaciers, and animal remains in Alaska and the planet Neptune, were some of the first subjects on which investigations were made, and the list grows longer and more widely varied every day.

The National Museum, which is also a national art gallery, has been enriched by a collection of painting bequeathed it by Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, niece of President Buchanan. On the death of Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, his magnificent collection of paintings and pottery, valued at $600,000, and including the entire decorations of Whistler's famous "Peacock Room," will pass into the hands of the regents of the Smithsonian. Mr. Freer will also give $500,000 with which to build a room to suitably house this collection.

It has long been a matter of speculation as to why Smithson, the eminent scientist, should have chosen the United States as a beneficiary of his large estate. He never visited this country in his life, and it was only when Dr. Alexander Graham Bell went to Genoa three years ago and brought back the body of the nation's benefactor on "The Princess Irene," that Smithson had ever had personal contact with these shores. True, his father and half-brother were connected in a way with the country's history. On the tomb of his father in Westminster Abbey there is carved among many other titles, "Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Counties of Middlesex and Northumberland and of all America." His half brother, Earl Percy, was an officer at Lexington and Fort Washington during the Revolution.

There was never any title for James Smithson, for there was a bar sinister across his shield, but he quietly remarked one day that his name would live long after the Percys and Northumberlands were extinct and forgotten. His prophecy will doubtless be fulfilled, for the establishment his money has created will live forever, and with it the scientific achievements and altruistic nature of James Smithson.

To-morrow—The Disciples of Christ.

FAIRBANKS' OWN BUSINESS.

German-Americans Thus View the Famous Cocktail Incident.

The German-American Alliance, at its fourth national convention, held within the last few days in New York, took occasion in its "declaration" to defend Vice President Fairbanks and to attack the Indiana Methodists for declining to send him as a delegate to the church's general conference, as a result of that Roosevelt cocktail. In this connection, the declaration says:

"We are convinced that the action of the church toward the Vice President was not aimed at the Citizen Fairbanks, but at the public officer and prospective candidate, and we see in it an interference in the political affairs of the country. For these reasons we deem it our duty to protest emphatically against the interference of the church in legislation and politics, and its meddling with the private affairs of a public officer, something which every private citizen would indignantly resent."

"The appeal of the governor of Indiana to a militant church for the purpose of causing desired temperance legislation" was also condemned by the German-American convention, and the declaration says:

"We see in both of these actions the violation of a principle for the realization of which the progressive part of humanity has fought for centuries, the principle, namely, of the separation of church and state."

The convention, in conclusion, took a stand for personal liberty in connection with the liquor question, and instructed the State ad local units of the organization to work to this end.

FAVOR NEW RATE ACT

Railway Commissioners Ask Change in Hepburn Law.

NO CRITICISM OF ROOSEVELT

Declare They Can Work in Harmony with Interstate Board in Many Ways and Be of Great Service in Adjustment of Fair Dealings Between the People and Railroads.

Members of the National Association of Railroad Commissioners, at their nineteenth annual convention in this city yesterday went on record in favor of an important amendment to the Hepburn railroad act.

They adopted a report urging Congress to so amend the act to regulate commerce as to provide that before a railroad shall put into effect a rate declared by a shipper in formal complaint to be unjust and unreasonable, the Interstate Commerce Commission shall be authorized to determine the justness or reasonableness of such rate.

This was the important development of the day, the convention failing, as anticipated, to adopt resolutions condemning the Roosevelt administration for its aggressive policy toward the railroads, which some of the commissioners contended had resulted in vesting in the Federal government power over commerce that was properly vested in the States.

Privately Criticised.

Privately, the administration's railroad-regulation policy, which is declared by many delegates to intrench on the powers of the States, was criticised, but when members of the convention were brought face to face with an opportunity to air their views publicly, they gracefully sidestepped. The nearest approach to a criticism of the administration railroad policy was contained in the report of the committee on "powers, duties, and work of the State railway commissions," read by Commissioner Benjamin F. Chadbourne, of Maine.

That report concluded as follows: "Whatever may be the powers given the Interstate Commerce Commission in railroad regulation there will always be a useful field for the work of the State railroad commission.

"They can work in harmony with the Federal body in many ways, be of great service to them, and be the means of inspiring the people with the feeling that there are local influences, acting alike for them and the railroads, in the adjustment of the fair deal."

Suggests Percentage Plan.

The report of the committee on "powers, duties, and work of State railroad commissions," was finished about noon, when adjournment was taken for luncheon.

At the afternoon session James Peabody, statistician of the Santa Fe system, who was invited to address the convention, spoke upon the subject of uniform classification.

He urged that the present system of classification as a basis for the railroads in making rates should be supplanted by a plan of percentages, which he outlined, and which, if put into effect, he argued, "would be fairly distributive of transportion charges in the United States." The proceedings of the day were brought to a close by the presentation of a report on railroad statistics, which was prepared and read by Prof. Henry C. Adams, of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Uniform classification, legislation by the States, and the use of safety appliances by railroads are among the questions that will come up for consideration to-morrow.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Library of Congress—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on secular days; from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. on Sundays and on certain holidays.

Public Library—Open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.; Sundays, 2 to 10 p. m.

Executive Mansion—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

United States Capitol—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

United States Treasury—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

State, War and Navy Departments—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. (The original Declaration of Independence is in the Library of the State Department.)

United States Patent Office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

United States Pension Bureau—Open 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

United States Post-office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Washington City Post-office—Open all hours. (The Dead Letter Office is in the city post-office.)

National Botanic Gardens—Open 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Fish Commission—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Army Medical Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).

Smithsonian Institution—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).

Agricultural Department—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.

Bureau of Engraving and Printing—Open 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.

Washington Monument (555½ feet in height)—Open 8:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Elevator runs from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m.)

Corcoran Gallery of Art—Open 9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. in winter; 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. in summer. Sundays—1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m., excepting in midsummer. Admission free on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays; other days, 25c admission.

Government Printing Office—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

Navy Yard—Open 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.

Southworth Cottage, 36th st. and Prospect ave.

IN THE SUBURBS.

Zoological Park—Open all day.

Rock Creek Bridge and Park.

Chevy Chase, Kensington, and Chesapeake Beach.

Naval Observatory—Open 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington—Open 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Arlington National Cemetery—Open all day.

United States Soldiers' Home—Open 9 a. m. to sunset.

Cathedral Grounds, Tennallytown road—Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Cabin John Bridge, Catholic University, and Alexandria.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

The majority of men will tell you that housekeeping is a business, like banking or shopkeeping, and can be run on the same rigid principles, but just let one of the number try it for a little while and you have a convert to the feminine belief that no business in the world offers the perplexities of the domestic problem.

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To begin with, every business of importance is divided into departments, with workers in each, with clearly defined duties and stipulated hours of work. No business is transacted after hours, despite the needs of the public, and there are hours when work can be forgotten in a fresh atmosphere. A home is a business lasting through the whole twenty-four hours, and the tardiness of a member interferes with the smooth running of the machinery. There are departments enough to require a force of workers, but one pair of hands and one brain is popularly supposed to be equal to running them all.

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I know of a bridegroom who undertook the task of teaching his new and inexperienced wife how to conduct the business of home-making. He as successful in the work which supplied his income and was perfectly sure that all that was needed to make an ideal home was the application of strict business methods to the work in his little home. He did not openly blame his wife for the frequent changes of help, but he made her clearly understand that ignorance on her part was the cause of all the discomfort.

* * * *

So they both welcomed a summons from her mother to assist in taking care of a sick member of the home circle, and the man began his self-imposed task of securing a girl and breaking her in to his ideas of business methods. He found a fine specimen of raw material and spent valuable hours in building her education on a firm foundation of knowledge of the small details of her work. A month passed away and he was able to assure his wife that she would find a treasure when she returned.

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Sure enough, she found her with her belongings packed and ready for removal to a neighboring family which had learned of her proficiency and tempted her with higher wages. The average housekeeper would see nothing startling in such an incident, for it is not novel, but the man who had given many dollars' worth of time to the girl's education was angry and disgusted. More than that he frankly admitted his failure in dealing with the home problem and wisely left matters to his wife, who happened to be gifted with good sense.

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She sent for a friend of her mother, an experienced matron of calm nerves and willing hands, and the education of the mistress of the establishment began in earnest. There was no maid in the house till both women were satisfied that the unexpected hitches in the domestic machinery would create no panic. Then a housework girl was hired and the guest left the bride to work out her own salvation. At last report there had been nothing to mar the happiness of the family for three years.

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No better way of meeting the vexation of being left without domestic assistance has ever been found, and more than one woman has felt the comfort of being able to keep the home machinery going after she has been deserted by her assistant. If one can calmly face a situation, ways and means will suggest themselves and the circle of discomfort is correspondingly narrower. Few women really like housework, but a little of it should be accepted like a dose of nasty medicine—to remedy an evil. In homes where annoyance can be avoided there is no real necessity for a domestic education, but the great majority must recognize limitations in money and live according to them. After all, is it any harder than some of the business tasks men set themselves to provide the comforts of home?

BETTY BRADEEN.

"The Dainty Lady Lucy"

By FOXCROFT DAVIS

PART III

Chapter III—Continued.

As they rolled along in the handsome, well-hung brougham, each man felt a growing regard for the other. Sir Percy, after the English manner, rarely brought a name into conversation, while Senator March, like an American, spoke names freely, and presently mentioned that he was due at Mrs. Chantrey's for a dinner call.

"Come with me," he said to Sir Percy; "the Chantreys will be glad to see you. I know that Mrs. Chantrey dearly loves a member of the diplomatic corps, and the daughter is charming—she is, in her way, as typically American as Lucy Armytage—I often call the child by her first name involuntarily."

"Miss Chantrey was kind enough to ask me to call," said Sir Percy, and after a while the two men were entering together a fine house in one of the best avenues of the town.

Sir Percy might have imagined himself in an English house. The large pink and white footman at the door was unmistakably English, and the quietness of the atmosphere and repose, which became at once obvious, were as English as the footman. In the beautiful drawing-room Eleanor Chantrey sat beside a tea table drawn close to the fire. Mrs. Chantrey almost embraced Senator March when he mentioned the liberty he had taken in asking Sir Percy to come with him, and Sir Percy was figuratively invited to rest on Mrs. Chantrey's bosom—like the poor, stricken deer.

Mrs. Chantrey had a hidden romance, a heart's dream, a secret aspiration, to be one day an ambassadress, to share Lord Baudesert's title and position. To say that Lord Baudesert's sharp old eyes had seen this, from its first budding, is putting it mildly. In fact, the wily old gentleman had, himself, planted the notion in Mrs. Chantrey's innocent, susceptible, elderly mind, and carefully cultivated it. Every season, for ten years past, Mrs. Chantrey had confidently expected to be asked to preside over the British Embassy, and every season she had been disappointed, yet not without hope. It was one of Lord Baudesert's chief delights in Washington to play upon the hopes and fears of various enormously rich widows, of whom Mrs. Chantrey was the first. And Lord Baudesert, having something like fifty years' experience as an accomplished flirt, managed to keep these ambitious ladies dancing to a very lively tune. Hence the advent of Lord Baudesert's nephew was to Mrs. Chantrey a delightful and encouraging sign, and she was ready to be an aunt to him at a moment's notice.

Only three or four persons were sitting around the tea-table, all of whom Sir Percy had before met. There were no introductions, and when Eleanor Chantrey handed Sir Percy his tea, he could scarcely persuade himself that he was not in Mayfair. Eleanor Chantrey, with ten times her mother's brains, had not an atom of coquetry in her being; she was perfectly graceful, and with a sort of cool, kindness, which suggested sincerity. Instead of being the same to all men, she was different in her manner to each person present, according to her degree of acquaintanceship. To one infirm old gentleman, who was plainly uninteresting at his best, Sir Percy noticed that Eleanor was extremely kind and even cordial in her manner, and pressed him to remain when he made a feeble motion to go.

After a pleasant visit, Senator March and Sir Percy left at the same time; it seemed as if the two could not see too much of each other. When they parted, at Sir Percy's door, it was with the understanding that they should dine together at the club the next evening.

The clear December twilight was at hand, and a new moon trembled in the heavens as Sir Percy, instead of going indoors, started for his invariable walk before dinner. He made straight toward the west, and soon found himself on a wide avenue recently laid out, with young trees in boxes on each side. A quarter of a mile away from the houses it soon ran into the open fields, with clumps of trees and little valleys on either hand. Nothing quieter, more remote or deserted could be imagined, and yet Sir Percy was but fifteen minutes from his own door. Not a person was in sight, until, after a time, he saw at some distance ahead, and rapidly approaching, the slight figure of a woman muffled in furs and walking rapidly. Something in the grace of her movements attracted Sir Percy as she came nearer. She held up her muff to her face in an attitude which reminded Sir Percy of Vigee le Brun's picture in the Louvre, "The Lady with the Muff." As the girl flashed past him in the gray twilight he recognized Lucy Armytage. A strange and almost uncontrollable desire suddenly rose within him to join her, but, with the hereditary caution of an Englishman, he turned his head the other way. The next moment Lucy faced around, and, coming up to him, cried breathlessly:

"How glad I am to meet you here! Pray walk with me as far as the car."

There was no help for it, and Sir Percy, with the feeling of delight which follows when a man is forced to do what he wishes to do, replied:

"With the utmost pleasure. Is it not rather late for you to be in so lonely a place?"

"Decidedly so. Our reception closed at 5 o'clock, just when other people's are beginning, and a friend asked me to drive out in this direction for a little air. She left me on a lighted street, but I wanted to feel the earth under my feet, so I walked around this way. I didn't realize how late it was until a few minutes ago, and I was scurrying home, half frightened to death."

As she said this, Sir Percy would have liked to open his arms wide and hold her to his breast like a timid bird, but Lucy dispelled this idea by saying:

"Afraid of my uncle, I mean. He makes such a terrible row when I am out late. I am not in the least afraid of anything else."

Her timidity had seemed charming, but her girlish courage was more charming still. Sir Percy's head was in a whirl. No woman had ever impressed him so quickly and so deeply as this black-eyed girl, and he was staggering at the intensity of his own pleasure in being with her. Meanwhile Lucy thought him the most impassive of men, and felt a curious feminine desire to disturb that placidity which was so like a lake covered with a thin skim of ice.

"I saw you and Senator March going in to the Chantrey's," she said, as they walked rapidly along in the deepening dusk. "I admire Miss Chantrey more than any girl in Washington. At first I thought her a little cold, but her very coldness is a sort of sincerity. I should like to have a house exactly like the Chantreys', except that I would make the atmosphere a little warmer."

She rippled out a laugh, and her eyes, under their long lashes, sought Sir Percy's in the half gloom.

"I am afraid that you would find our English houses a little chilly, and they are not always redeemed by such grace as Miss Chantrey's."

"Oh, one expects a little British chilliness in an English house! You admit, you know, that your reserve is nothing but shyness after all. Now, I am not in the least shy, and so I have managed to get on beautifully with the few English people I have met. My uncle, you must know, is an Anglomaniac of the deepest dye, and claims relationship with all the peerage and half the baronetage. He is the most prejudiced man! If it were not for me I don't know what would become of him."

Sir Percy was extremely diverted at the notion of a slip of a girl taking care of a member of that great body which had its origin at Runnymede in the far-off days.

The stars were coming out in the wintry sky and it was yet some little distance to the streets where the gas lamps flared. It was an enchanting walk to Sir Percy, and without a word being spoken concerning a street car, or a cab, Sir Percy and Lucy Armytage walked together along the quieter streets to the very door of the big hotel.

Lucy Armytage went up-stairs to her room, the typical hotel bedroom, but which she had transformed into something resembling herself. She had been proud of the bowerlike air she had given the large square room, and had regarded with confident admiration the spotless muslin curtains and the thin white draperies over her little bed. Now she looked about her with dissatisfaction. How unlike it was to Eleanor Chantrey's beautiful and artistic room! And then Eleanor had an exquisite yellow boudoir, in which Lucy once had tea with her. How much beauty and ornament and luxury was in Eleanor's life! For the first time Lucy Armytage began to wish for something which could not be furnished in Bardstown, Ky.

"At least," she said, rising and speaking to herself, "I know I'm provincial. It is a great thing to know the limitations of one's horizon. What a narrow, uncultivated, inartistic, uninteresting person Sir Percy Carlyon must find me after Eleanor Chantrey!"

At the same moment Sir Percy was smoking fiercely as he made his way back to his chambers. From the first moment his eyes rested upon Lucy Armytage she had commanded his attention. He had tried to escape from the enchanting spell she had thrown over him, but all in vain. What was the meaning of that stirring of all his pulses, that sudden joy, when he met her in the twilight? He reminded himself that he was thirty-eight years old, quite old enough to know better; that he was the first secretary of the British Embassy, and that he had firmly resolved never to allow himself to become in the least interested in an American woman. He determined to avoid Lucy Armytage in the future as a disturbing element; in short, he resolved to take up arms against his destiny.

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

WOMEN'S MISSION SOCIETY.

Three Hundred Delegates Attend Thirty-sixth Annual Meeting.

At the meeting of the delegates attending the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Baltimore branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, in Foundry Methodist Episcopal Church, Sixteenth and Church streets, last night, about 300 delegates were present and listened to the anniversary sermon by Rev. G. S. Miner, of Foo Chow, China, and an address on "What will you do?" by Rev. C. E. Guthrie.

A scripture lesson, conducted by Mrs. G. Lane Teneyhill, was both interesting and instructive.

The meeting began yesterday morning and will continue until Friday afternoon.

The opening exercises were conducted by Rev. R. M. Moore, and Mrs. F. M. Bristol, acting district president. Response was made by Mrs. J. T. King.

The rest of the morning and afternoon sessions consisted of reports, committee appointments, special services, recitations, &c.

The meeting will be again called to order this morning at 9:30 o'clock with an afternoon session at 2 o'clock. On Friday the meeting will remain in session all day.